THE

GREAT MAN's

ANSWER

TO

Are theſe Things So?

(Price One Shilling.)

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Are these Things So?

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IN A

DIALOGUE

BRTWEEN

His HONOUR and the ENGLISHMAN in His GROTTO.

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By the AUTHOR of *Are theſe Things So?*

LONDON:

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Paternoſter-Row.* MDCCXL.

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Are theſe Things So?

E.M. HAIL bleſt *Elizium!* ſweet, ſecure
Retreat;
Quiet and Contemplation's ſacred
Seat!
Here may my Life's laſt Lamp in Freedom burn,
Nor live to light my Country to her Urn:
Die 'ere that huge *Leviathan* of State
Shall ſwallow all.---Who thunders at my Gate!
See *John*--But hah! what Tempeſt ſhakes my Cell?
Whence theſe big Drops thatOoze from ev'ry Shell?
From this obdurate Rock whence flow thoſe Tears?
Sure ſome *Ill Power*'s at hand---Soft! it appears.

E. M. What's That approaches, *John*? *J.* Why Sir, 'tis He.

E. M. What He? *J.* Why He Himſelf, Sir; the *great* He.

E. M. Enough. *G. M.* Your Slave, Sir. *E. M.* No, Sir, I'm *your Slave*,
Or ſoon ſhall be.—How then muſt I behave?
Muſt I fall proſtrate at your Feet? Or how—
I've heard the *Dean*, but never ſaw him *Bow*.

G. M. Hoh! hoh! you make me laugh. *E. M.* So *Nero* play'd,
Whilſt *Rome* was by his Flames in Aſhes laid.

G. M. Well, ſolemn Sir, I'm come, if you think fit,
To ſolve your Queſtion. *E. M.* Bleſs me! pray, Sir, ſit.

G. M. The Door! *E. M.* No Matter, Sir, my Door won't ſhut:
Stay here, *John*; we've no *Secrets*. *G. M.* Surly Put!
How reſtiff ſtill!—but I have *what* will win him
Before we part, or elſe the Devil's in him.

E. M. I wait your Pleaſure, Sir. *G. M.* Why *Fame*, you ſay,
Reports that I'm the Author of *To-Day*:
I am—But not the Day that you deſcribe,
Black with imagin'd Ills—Your Patriot Tribe,

Thoſe

Thoſe growling, reſtleſs, factious Malecontents,
Who blaſt all Schemes, and rail at all Events;
Whom Miniſters, nor Kings, nor Gods can pleaſe;
Whoſe Rage my Ruin only can appeaſe:
That motley Crew, the Scum of ev'ry Sect,
Who'd fain deſtroy, becauſe they can't direct;
Wits, Common-Council-Men, and Brutes in Fur,
Knights of the Shire, and of the Poſt.—*E. M.* This,
Sir,
Is *Gazetteer* Abuſe. *G. M.* Theſe Miſcreants dire
Apply the Torch themſelves, then cry out Fire;
In Rhime, in Proſe, in Prints, and in Debate,
They falſly repreſent the Nation's State.
Go forth, and ſee if *Britain*'s fall'n *ſo low*;
Fly to her Coaſts, and mark the glorious *Show*:
See Fleets how gallant! See *Marines* how *ſtout*!
That wait but till the *Wind ſhall turn about*.
E. M. What a whole *Twelvemonth*! *G. M.* Pray
Sir, hear me out,
See all their Sails unfurl'd, their Streamers play;
You'd think old *Neptune*'s Self kept Holiday:
Theſe ſhall protect our Commerce, ſcour the Main,
The Honour of the *Britiſh* Flag maintain;

Poor

Pour the avenging Thunder on the Foe,
And--*E.M.* Mighty well; but when are they to go?
G.M. When? Pſha! why look'ee, Sir, that *Time*
will ſhow.
Next view the martial Guardians of the Land:
Lo! her gay Warriors redden all the Strand:
Cockade behind *Cockade*, each Entrance keep,
Whilſt in their Sheaths ten thouſand Falchions *ſleep*.
E. M. But, Sir, 'tis urg'd that theſe are needleſs quite,
Kept only for Review, and not for Fight:
That Fleets are *Britain*'s Safety--*G.M.* Stupid Elves!
Why theſe, Sir, are to *ſave you* from *yourſelves*:
Ye're prone, ye're prone to murmur and rebel,
And when mild Methods fail, we muſt compel:
Beſides, conſider Sir, *th' Election*'s near --
E.M.--O, Sir, I'm anſwer'd--Now the *Caſe* is *clear*.
G.M. Ay,--I ſhall anſwer all the reſt as well.
E. M. I doubt it not. *G. M.* On *Se--s* next you fell:
Fie! that was paw--*Se--s* are *ſacred* Things,
And *no more* capable of *Ill* than--*Kings*.
E.M. 'Tis granted. *G.M.* Yet at them your Gall is
ſpit;
You're told they *Yea* and *No* as I think fit;

And

And that if ſome brave *One* Rebellious pr_ov'd,
From his Lord's Banquet he was ſtrait remov'd;
Caſt into utter Darkneſs, like the Gueſt,
Who was not in a *Wedding Garment* Dreſs'd.
Well, What of that? ſhould not the *Blind* be led?
Should not ſo vaſt a *Body* have a *Head*?
And if *one Finger's gangreen'd*, ſure 'tis beſt
To lop it off 'ere it infect the reſt.
Free P-----ts! mere ſtuff--What would be done?
Let looſe, five hundred diff'rent Ways they'd run;
They'd Cavil, Jarr, Diſpute, O'return, Project,
And the great Bus'neſs of *Supply* Neglect;
On *Grievances*, not *Ways* and *Means* would go;
Nor one round *Vote of Credit* e're beſtow:
The *ſinking Fund* would *ſtrangely* be apply'd,
And *ſecret ſervice Money* quite denied:
Whilſt *Soap* and *Candles* we *untax*'d ſhould rue,
And *Salt* itſelf would loſe it's *Savour* too:
Ev'n *Gin* would then be drank without controul,
And the poor *civil Liſt* be ne're *lick'd whole.*
Down go all *Penſioners*, all *Placemen* down.
Thoſe lov'd and truſty Servants of the Crown,

Who 're always ready at their Chief's Command,
Would have no *Vote* to save the *sinking* Land:
Ev'n *Levy*'s Bench might lose it's sacred *Weight*,
Remov'd, O *sad Tranſlation*! from the State.
Then Pen's like yours would *freely* vent their Rage,
No *Licenſe* on the *Preſs*, or on the *Stage*;
Whilſt loyal *Gazetteer*'s, tho' ne're ſo witty,
No more might chaſten the Rebellious *City*:
No more ſage *Freeman* trumpet out my Fame,
Nor *unſtamp'd Farthing-Poſts* my worth proclaim.

E. M. Indeed--ſuch dire *Calamities* attend!
O worſe, Sir, worſe--Heav'n knows where it might
[end.
Perhaps *Ourſelf* and our dear *Brother* too,
No longer might our Country's Buſineſs do--

E. M. That, Sir, you've done already--rather, then,
Your Buſineſs would be done. *G. M.* Ungrateful
[Men!
We

We that have ſerv'd you at ſuch vaſt Expence,
And gone thro' thick and thin. *E. M.* There's no
[Defence,
Would ſerve your Purpoſe --- Hence, then, good
[Sirs, Hence;
Fly, for the Evil Day's at Hand, Pray fly--
G. M. What leave my Country to be *loſt*?--Not I;
The Danger's yet but in Imagination,
I hope one *Seven Years more* to *ſave* the Nation.
In vain you Patriot Oafs pronounce my Fall,
Like the great LAUREAT, *S'Blood I'll ſtand you all.*
What tho' you've made the *People* loath my Name,
I live not on ſuch ſlender Food as Fame;
And yet that *People's mine*--My Will obey,
Implicit Bow beneath my ſovereign Sway,
Whilſt theſe my *Meſſengers* prepare my Way;
Theſe all your Slanders will at Sight refute,
They're ſterling Evidence which none diſpute.
For theſe, Content, or to be Damn'd or Sav'd--
E. M.--Nay if they will, why let 'em be enflav'd:
If they will barter all that's Good and Great,
For preſent Pelf, nor Mind their future State;

If

If none Thy baleful Influence will withſtand,
Go forth, *Corruption*, Lord it o'er the Land;
If they are Thine for better and for worſe,
On Them and on their Children light the Curſe.

G. M. Corruption, Sir!--pray uſe a milder Term;
'Tis only a Memento to be *firm*;
The Times are greatly alter'd -- Years ago,
A Man would bluſh the World his *Price* ſhould [know:
Scruple to own his *Voice* was to be bought;
And meanly minded what the Million thought;
Our Age more *Prudent*, and *Sincere* is grown,
The Hire they *wiſely* take, they *bravely* own;
Laugh at the Fool, who let's his *Conſcience* ſtand,
To barr his Paſſage to the promis'd Land;
Or, ſway'd by Prejudice, or puny Pride,
Thinks *Right* and *Int'reſt* of a different Side.

E. M. O Nation loſt to Honour and to Shame!
So, then, Corruption now has chang'd its Name:

And what was once a paultry *Bribe*, to Day
Is gently ſtil'd an *Honourable* Pay.
Bleſſings on that great Genius who has wrought
This ſtrange Converſion -- Who has bravely
[bought
Our Liberty from Virtue -- Pray go on.
G. M. Of Commerce next you talk -- pretend
[*'tis gone,*
To *Foreign* Climes -- *Amen*, for what I care,
Perdition on the Merchants -- They muſt dare!
To thwart my Purpoſe -- I deteſt them -- *E. M.* How!
G. M. Yes -- And I think I'm *even* with 'em now.
They would not be *convention'd*, nor *excis'd*,
But they ſhall feel the Scourge themſelves adviſ'd;
They ſhall be ſwingingly *bewarr'd*, I'll ſwear;
And ſince they'd not my *little Finger* bear,
My *Loins* ſhall preſs 'em 'till they guilty plead,
And ſue for Mercy at my Feet. *E. M.* Indeed!
G. M Aye, truſt me, ſhall they ---- *E. M.* But don't
tell 'em ſo;
For they're a ſtubborn *ſturdy* Gang you know,
G. M. O! they'll be *ſupple* when their Caſh runs low.
Their *Purſe*, which makes them proud and inſolent,
A trav'ling with their Commerce ſhall be ſent --

E. M. Take Care they don't ſend *you* a travling firſt;
G. M. No, Sir, I dare 'em now to do their Worſt.
Seven Seſſions more I am at leaſt ſecure—
E. M. Nay then you'll cruſh 'em quite?—But are you ſure,
There is a *Spirit*, Sir? *G. M.* What Spirit pray?
A *Spirit* that the *Treaſury* can't lay.
E. M. I'm anſwer'd Sir,— *G. M.* Next, Friend, one Word about
Thoſe ſpiteful Innuendoes you throw out,
That ſquint at *Contracts*, *Forage*, and what not,
'Tis *more* than Time that thoſe Things were forgot:
You ſhould not link the *preſent* with the *paſt* —
E. M. Yes when they make one *glorious Whole* at laſt;
When, tho' *Times differ*, *Actions* ſtill *agree*,
And what Men *were* they *are*—What they *will* be,
We ſafely may pronounce—*G. M.* Well, Sir, but why
On my dear Family and Friends this Cry?
Suppoſe they've Places, Wealth, and Titles too,
Merit like OURS ſhould ſurely have its *Due*.
That *ſquaemiſh* Steward's of all Fools the worſt,
That lays not up for his *own Houſhold* firſt;
Nor takes a *proper* Care of thoſe *ſtaunch* Friends,
By whoſe *good Services* he gains his Ends.

Beſides,

Beſides, who'd drudge the *Mill-Horſe* of the State;
Curſt by the Vulgar, envy'd by the Great;
In one faſtidious Round of Hurry live,
And join, in Toil, the *Matin* with the *Eve*;
Be hourly plagu'd 'bout Penſions, Strings, Tranſlations,
Or, worſe! that *damn'd Affair* of *Foreign* Nations.
Make *War* and *Treaties* with alternate Pain:
Firſt ſweat to build, then to pull down again.
Who'd cringe at *Levees*, or in *Cloſets*---Oh!
Stoop to the *rough* Remonſtrance of the *Toe*?
Did not ſome Genius whiſper, "That's the Road
" To Opulence, and Honour's bleſs'd Abode;
" Thus you may aggrandize yourſelf, and Race;
" *Penſion* this *Knight*, or give that *Peer* a *Place*."

E. M. So *Angria*, Sir, as juſtly might declare,
He *plunder'd* only to *enrich* his *Heir*;
Nor longer would his *Piracies* purſue,
Than 'till he had *provided* for his *Crew*.

G. M Your Servant, Sir, I think you're pretty *free*--
E. M. Why Truth is Truth, Sir, and will out, you ſee:
G. M. Yes, ſ'death! but *couple Angria* with *me*!
E. M. I'll ſay no more on't--*G M.* No you've ſaid *enough*:
And what you next adviſe, is canting Stuff.

Turn

Turn my Eyes inward! not quite ſo devout;
They've Task ſufficient to look ſharp *without*:
And ſhould the fatal Sifters cut my Thread
Some *ſcore Years* hence—I trouble not my Head
Where I'm entomb'd, or number'd with *what* Dead;
I want no *Grave-Stone* to promulge my *Fame*,
Nor truſt to *breatheleſs Marble* for a *Name*,
BRITANNIA's ſelf a *Monument* ſhall ſtand
Of the *bleſs'd Dowry* I bequeath my Land:
Her Sons ſhall hourly my *dear Conduct* boaſt;
They *beſt* can ſpeak it, who will *feel* it moſt.
But if ſome grateful Verſe *muſt* grace my Urn,
Attend ye *Gazeteers*--Be this the Turn--
Weep, Britons, *weep*--*Beneath this Stone lies He*,
Who ſet your Iſle from dire Diviſions free,
And made your various Factions all agree,

E. M. That's right, *G. M.* You'd have me quit too--
No, I'll ſtill
Drive on, and make you happy '*gainſt your Will*.
As for your *may* and *may*, Sir,—*may be Not*,
Can my *vaſt Services* be *There* forgot?

As

As for thoſe *lauded Succeſſors* you name,
If once in Pow'r, they'd act the very *ſame.*
E. M. That's Cobweb Sophiſtry---Did they not fill
The nobleſt Poſts? And had they not, pray, *ſtill,*
But that they greatly ſcorn'd to *league* with thoſe,
Who were at once their King's and Country's Foes?
G. M. Well, Sir, as there is nothing I can ſay
Will with your ſtarch'd unbending Temper weigh;
My laſt *beſt* ANSWER I'll in *Writing* leave;
Pray mark it---*E. M.* How ! May I my Eyes believe?
G. M. You may--I thought I ſhould convince you, *E. M.* Yes,
That Fame for once ſpoke Truth--And as for *This*--
G. M. Furies! My *thouſand Bank*, Sir, *E. M.* Thus I Tear,
Go, blend, *Corruption*, with *corrupting* Air.
G. M. Amazing Frenzie! Well, if this won't do,
What think you of a *Penſion?* *E. M.* As of *You.*
G. M. A *Place*—*E. M.* Be gone, *G. M.* A *Title*—*E M.* is a *Lie.*
When ill conferr'd *G. M.* A *Ribband*—*E. M.* I defie
Farewell then Fool—If you'll accept of *Neither*,
You and your *Country* may be *damn'd* together.

FINIS